

THE BACCHAE

51

DIONYSUS.

Robe, falling **to** thy feet; and on thine
head
A snood*

PENTHEUS.

And after ? Hast thou aught
beyond ?

DIONYSUS.

Surely; the dappled fawn-skin and the
wand.

PENTHEUS (*after a struggle with
himself*).

Enough ! I cannot wear a robe and
snood.

DIONYSUS.

Wouldst liefer draw the sword and spill
men's blood ?

PENTHEUS (*again doubting*),
True, that were evil, — Aye ; 'tis best to go
First to some place of watch.

DIONYSUS.

Far wiser so,
Than seek by wrath wrath's bitter
recompense.

PENTHEUS.

What of the city streets ? Canst lead
me hence
Unseen of any ?

DIONYSUS.

Lonely and untried
Thy path from hence shall be, and I thy
guide!

PENTHEUS.

I care for nothing ^ so these Bacchanals
Triumph not against me ! . . . Forward to
my halls
Within I—I will ordain what seemeth best.